

Cans't vault in air, and cut an arc,
 In glare of sun or in the dark,
 That straightened out would make a line
 Five hundred times a length of thine.
 Could I perform such feats as that,
 Were such a peerless acrobat,
 No wall or house I'd walk around
 But simply take them at a bound.
 Were I disposed the Park to view,
 Or woodland haunts to ramble through,
 With conscious power I'd scorn a hack,
 Just take one jump and then jump back ;
 For such small work not care a fig,
 But do it all without fatigue,
 Nor slit my pants or burst my liver,
 To clear a navigable river.

Why Life should teem with fleas and flies,
 Is one of Nature's mysteries,
 Yet doubt I not, in Nature's plan,
 Both have their place as well as Man ;
 I must believe, my impish friend,
 Thou wer't designed for some wise end,
 But still, — if all the same to you,
 I trust you'll keep this hint in view,
 And do, I pray thee, thy good service
 On someone else's epidermis.

But I must end my rambling song
 And as before, must scratch along ;
 'Tis true, I make, if thou go free,
 A virtue of necessity,
 And only spare your hide because
 You deftly slipped between my claws ;
 But that's the way things mostly go,
 And virtue oft is but a show.
 So fare thee well, my agile flea
 The world has room for me and thee.